

mittee for locating roads in the state, to give notice to all who meet for the purpose of surveying roads in the state several times per year.

Esq. in Hartford, day of September, in the present County, said Blake, to said Wood's barn; and others.

moreover, on the east side, on Thursday the 1st, to locate a road to the east line of land laid out by order for the County of Meeting house; as min and others.

Hartford, on Monday, September 1, to locate County road through a part of Canton traveled road, near Cornwell in said Pocumtuck Walker and

laid out and occupies the South line of the road in Weld, thence to the County road right, as prayed for

Bibby in Wood-Nineteenth day of a road, to Long Androscoggin River, a part of said road at the foot of agreeable to the P. C. Virgin and

Bethel, on Saturday, September 1, to the through Albany to by Aza Cummings

Vaterford on Tuesday, September 1, to Gilead Line, and Albany to for by John Love

id Committee, HTH, Chairman.

327. 3w 163

URANCE

N.Y.

or the purpose of

and DAMAGE by

00 Dollars,

more than THIRTY,

DOLLARS;

in the best possi-

bility on terms as

company is principal-

country, and there-

capital is not ex-

posed to sweeping fires,

the require, and the

is in adjusting all

under their Policies

close application

them to flatter them-

ive a share of pub-

is an authorized

and will issue Poli-

ce who may apply

ASA BARTON.

does not insure

considered to be per-

of public confi-

COLLECTION

MUSIC;

easy, and concise

grounds of Martial

most comprehensive

and a large collection

ts, Marches, Airs,

part of the du-

lutions for the Mu-

a great part of

published. Design-

of the Militia

Alvin Robinson,

ited, Corrected, and

for sale by

ASA BARTON, Agent.

sale at the Oxford

Capt. JAMES

account of his en-

India, his conve-

ssionary voyage to

peaceful and trium-

so, Essays on the

Religion, by Rev.

the commentary on

July 20

D PARTS

the Cumberland and

for sale by the sub-

wish to purchase

call immediately,

collecting that he

es in the last class.

DAVID SMITH.

trver

ton, Thursday, by

TON,

to a deduction of

to pay cash within

one of their subscri-

piciously inserted

per square—less

five cents. Legal

until all arrears

of the publisher,

it expedient to

shall always en-

rect, he will not

any error in any

amount charged

the bank and fired.—Whitney and one of

his companions fell.—The other seeing

himself alone discharged his piece, and

# OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. IV.]

NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1821.

[NO. 166]

## MISCELLANY.

[FROM THE OLD COLONY MEMORIAL.]

### WHITNEY POND.

#### OR THE EVILS OF REVENGE.

In the town of Canton, Oxford county, State of Maine, there is a fine sheet of water of considerable extent, known by the name of *Whitney Pond*. The events to which this place is indebted for its name, and which are the subject of this communication, transpired about fifty years ago. The part of the country in which it is situated, and the whole region for nearly forty miles, adjacent was then an entire wilderness, abounding with game, and the hunting ground of numerous parties of Indians. The beaver had not then quitted its habitation, nor the wolf been driven from his wild recess, though now, through this whole extent of country, the forest has fallen before the hand of industry, and the fruitful field and flourishing village everywhere meet the view.

At the time of which we have been speaking, and even to this, many of the back settlers who are skilled in hunting, have made a business of entrapping those animals whose fur render them a valuable acquisition. At the commencement of winter, so soon as the rivers are closed with ice, and a coat of snow smooths up the roughness of the forest, they retire far into the woods, beyond "the cheerful haunts of man." Armed with a rifle and hatchet, and provided with a store of traps, an axe, and a few of the necessities of life, they take their course, and by aid of snow shoes, by which they are able to walk on the very surface of the snow, soon reach their winter's residence. Here they erect a temporary habitation called a camp, composed of poles and the bark of enormous trees of birch that abound in those forests. In these solitary wiles, surrounded only by wild beasts or savages, defended from the pitiless storms of winter by a very slender covering, never, in other situations, what would be called comfortable; dependant almost solely for their food on the precarious supply obtained by their rifle or fish hooks, they pass the winter months, and return to the settlements before the returning sun has removed the natural bridge of ice from the rivers; not unfrequently laden with furs of great value, producing them large wages for their winter campaign. Instances are known where persons have acquired fortunes by following the business.

A person by the name of Whitney, with two others, whose names have past my memory, were engaged in one of these hunting campaigns. The borders of the pond above mentioned, and the stream that issued therefrom, together with the Androscoggin river which flowed through the neighborhood, being favorably situated for hunting the various fur animals, Whitney and his companions here established their winter's residence. At the distance of three or four miles from their camp, on the opposite side of the Androscoggin, a party of Indians had established themselves, at a place since known by the name of Jay, now Canton Point. Having discovered the traps of our party, it appears these Indians were in the practice of rifling them of whatever they might contain in the absence of their owners. This, Whitney and his companions bore without retaliation till near the close of the hunting season. What threats might have been given, is now not known; but it appears that although they had succeeded well in other respects and had obtained a valuable lot of furs, they were determined before they left the forest to revenge the injury they had sustained. As they were satisfied that their traps were regularly visited every night, they formed the purpose of going to them in season to watch for the thieves and defend their property with powder and ball. The night preceding their contemplated departure for the settlements was assigned for this purpose; and having no other timepiece but the stars to show them the hour of night, the rising of a certain star was agreed on as the hour for their departure.—When they awoke however the star was some hours above the horizon. One of them now remonstrated against going, urging that the Indians would be there before them, but as they were to depart the following day, to delay which would be dangerous, in consequence of a river that lay directly between them and the settlements, the ice in which might break up and render their passage very difficult, they determined to go down, late as it was. As they arrived at the stream at which their traps were set, a number of Indians arose from the bank and fired.—Whitney and one of his companions fell.—The other seeing

himself alone discharged his piece, and

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.



## DOMESTIC BLISS.

There's a bliss beyond all that the Minstrel has told,  
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,  
With hearts never changing and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ill, and love on till they die!

One hour of passion so sacred, is worth  
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;  
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this. — Moore.

One window, opening down to the ground, showed the interior of a very small parlor plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well filled book cases. A lady's harp stood in one corner, and in another two fine globes and an orrery. Some small flower baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room; and at a table near the window, sat a gentleman writing, or rather leaning over a writing desk, with a pen in his hand, for his eyes were directed towards the gravel walk before the window, where a lady (an elegant looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet matronly expression of her face and figure) was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who came laughing and tottering towards her on the soft green turf; her tiny feet, as they essayed their first independent steps, in the eventful walks of life, twisting and twining with graceful awkwardness, and unsteady pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her chubby person. It was a sweet, heart thrilling sound, the joyous, crowing laugh of that creature, when with one last, bold mighty effort, she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the maternal bosom, and half devoured with kisses, in an ecstasy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulous loudness by that mirthful outcry, and impatient to mingle its clear notes with that young innocent voice, a blackbird, embowered in a tall neighboring bay-tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full, rich melody, as stilled the baby's laugh, and, for a moment, arrested its observant ear. But for a moment. The kindred nature burst out into full chorus: the baby clasped her hand, and laughed aloud: and, after her fashion, mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her tuneless efforts, and still the baby laughed, and still the bird rejoined; and both together raised such a melodious din, that the echoes of the old church rang again; and never since the contest of the nightingale with her human rival, was heard such an emulous conflict of human skill. I could have laughed, for company, from my unseen lurking-place within the dark shadow of the church buttresses. It was altogether, such a scene as I never shall forget one from which I could hardly tear myself away. Nay I did not; I stood motionless as a statue in my dark grey niche, till the blackbird's song was hushed, and the baby's voice was still, and the mother and her nursing had retreated into their quiet dwelling, and the evening taper gleamed through the fallen white curtain and still open window.

But yet before that curtain fell, another act of the beautiful pantomime had passed in review before me. The mother with her infant in her arms, had seated herself in a low chair, within the little parlor. She untied the frock strings, drew off that and the second upper garment, dexterously and at intervals, as the restless frolics of the still unweared baby afforded opportunity; and then it was in its little coat and stays, the plump white shoulders shrugged up in antic merriment, far above the slackened shoulder straps, then the mother's hand slipped off one red shoe, and having done so, her lips were pressed, almost as it seemed involuntarily, to the little naked foot she still held. The other, as if in proud love of liberty, had spurned off to distance the fellow shoe; and now the darling, disarrayed for its innocent slumbers, was hushed and quieted, but not yet to rest; the night dress was still to be put on, and the little crib was not there; not yet to rest, but to the mighty duty already required of young Christians. And in a moment it was hushed, and in a moment the small hands were pressed together between the mother's hands, and the sweet serious eye was raised and fixed upon the mother's eye (there beamed, as yet, the infant's heaven;) and one saw that it was lisping out its unconscious prayers; unconscious surely but accepted. A kiss from maternal lips was then the token of God's approval: and then she

rose, and gathering up the scattered garments in the same clasp with the half naked babe, she held it smiling to its father, and one saw in the expression of his face, as he uplifted it after having imprinted a kiss on that of his child, one saw in it all the holy fervour of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew her little one and then the curtain fell, and still I lingered, for after the interval of a few minutes, sweet sounds arresting my departing footsteps: a few notes of the harp, a low prelude sweetly sout, a voice still sweeter, mingling its tones with a soft quiet accompaniment, swelled out gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn came wafted towards the house of prayer. Then all was still in the cottage and around it; and the perfect silence, and the deepening shadows, brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and warned me to turn my face homewards. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I lingered, lingered still; for the moon was rising, and the stars were shining out in the clear cloudless heaven; and the bright reflection of one danced and glittered like a liquid firefly on the ripple of the stream; just where it glided into a dark deeper pool, beneath a little rustic footbridge, which led from where I stood into a shady green lane, communicating with the neighboring hamlet.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## A PERSIAN EXECUTION.

\* \* \* \* \* When we halted, I found myself inclosed in a dense ring of spectators, in the midst of which stood great brass mortar, raised on a mound of earth, and beside it stuck in the ground, was a linstock with a lighted match. The rustick chees ranged themselves on each side of this horrible engine; and it was not without some difficulty that I succeeded in gaining a position which appeared to me to secure me from the danger attending the explosion, and its consequence when it should take place. Having taken my station, I began to look around me, and saw the officers of justice still pouring into the circle, which was widened for their reception by dint of blows. After them, or rather between two of them, came the prisoner. She was enveloped from head to foot in a black robe, which also covered her face. Her step was firm, and her carriage stately. She frequently spoke a few words to an eunuch who accompanied her; but the noise was so great that I could hear nothing of their discourse. As she approached the spectators became more quiet; and when she had reached the mortar, not a sound was to be heard.—Taking advantage of the silence, she spoke aloud, with a distinctness and composure that astonished every one, and made her words intelligible to all. The officers, perceiving that her wild address made some impression on the multitude, here interrupted her. She made no attempt to proceed, but resigned herself into their arms. They led her in front of the mortar, and yet her step never faltered; neither did she speak or implore as it is common for even men to do in her situation; neither did she curse as some do; neither did she weep. They led her to kneel down with her breast against its muzzle, and she did so. They put cords round her wrists, and bound them to stakes which had been driven for the purpose; still she showed no signs of emotion; she laid her head upon the mortar, and waited her fate with a composure which a soldier might have envied. At length the signal was given; the match was raised; it descended slowly; and, at the moment when it was about to touch the powder, an audible shudder ran through the crowd. The priming caught fire; a moment of sickening suspense followed; a groan burst from the spectators; the smoke passed away; no explosion followed, and the unfortunate wretch raised her head to see what had happened. A faint hope glimmered in my own heart that perhaps this was a device to save her life, but it was not permitted to live long. It had scarcely begun to rise within me, when I saw the priming renewed and the match raised again.—The condemned wretch laid her head once more on its hard pillar, and uttered a low groan as if her spirit had parted. It had scarcely been uttered when the explosion took place, and the smoke covered every thing from my view. As it gradually cleared away, it drew a veil from over a horrid and revolting spectacle. The two bodiless arms hung, with their mangled and blackened ends, from the stakes to which they had been bound; and a few yards distant lay a scorched and scattered foot and leg.—No trace of body or head remained.

and a few tattered remnants of clothes were all besides that were left. The arms were unbound from the stakes; and two women, who had issued from the ark at the sound of the explosion, rushed to the spot, seized them up, and concealing them under their veils, hurried to the Haram with these proofs that the demands of justice had been fulfilled.—Visit to the Haram.

## THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

The last hours of the great Argyle exhibited a tranquillity and magnanimity seldom if ever exemplified. Before he left the castle of Edinburgh, on the day of his death, he dined at his usual hour with the clergymen who attended, along with some others, and manifested his usual cheerfulness. According to custom, he went to bed and slept soundly for about a quarter of an hour.—While in bed, one of the members of the Council came and desired to speak with him; he was refused admittance, and informed that Argyle was in bed, and had given orders not to be disturbed. Believing this was only a pretence to him from seeing Argyle, he insisted upon being introduced. They opened the chamber-door, and looking in, he saw Argyle sleeping as sweetly as ever any man in his life, although he was to die in a few hours. Struck with horror at his own conduct, and that of his associates, who had condemned him to death, he rushed from the castle, and ran to an acquaintance's house in the vicinity, and threw himself in agony and horror upon a bed. His friend brought him a glass of wine, supposing that he was taken ill. He refused it, saying, "No, no, that won't do me any good; I have just now been held Argyle in a deep sleep, who is within a few hours of eternity." But as for me?

Soon after his repose the Duke left the castle, and went down to the laigh Council-house. There he wrote a letter to his wife, and from thence he went to the place of execution. On the scaffold he had some conversation with Mr. Annand, a minister appointed by the Council to attend him, and with Mr. Charteris, his own clergyman. Both prayed for him, and he joined with peculiar ardour. He then prayed himself for some time. In his speech to the crowd, he said, that it was our duty not to despise our afflictions, not to faint under them. That we should not use any harsh expressions against the instruments of our troubles; nor by a fraudulent or pusillanimous compliance, bring guilt upon our own consciences. Faint hearts, he said, were generally false hearts, choosing sinning rather than suffering. He offered

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ITALY.—A dreadful hurricane has lately visited almost all Calabria, and done considerable damage. The district of Calona is converted into a lake, which is, in many places, thirty five feet deep. Two thirds of Gallico are destroyed, and one third of the inhabitants perished in the waves.

From the town of Giovanni to Reggio the whole country is a sea; in the neighborhood of the latter, a water volcano, (as the papers call it), has been formed, which continues to extend and lay waste the country.

Corfu, June 23.

It is stated as certain, that the English Vice Admiral, Sir Edward Codrington, has sent the most pressing orders to the Commanders of English ships on different stations to proceed immediately to the Dardanelles, where they are all to unite.

Le Havre, July 7.

There is a report in town that a misunderstanding has arisen between the Bashaw of Egypt and the British Consul General in that country, and that the latter has made application to Malta for protection.

Brussels, July 15.

The official Journal publishes a Royal Decree approving a declaration, of which a copy is given, signed as well by the Ambassador of the Netherlands, at Stockholm, as by the Minister for Foreign Affairs of his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway. By this declaration, it has been agreed that the two Governments shall reciprocally deliver up any sailor or other person whatever belonging to the crew of a man-of-war, or a merchantman of one of the two States, who shall desert in a port situated in the dominions of the other, without distinction between individuals born in the country to which the vessel belongs, and those born in a third country.

AFFAIRS OF POLAND.—The Warsaw Papers contain the details of a process instituted against a Polish Association, accused of having conspired to restore the independence of their country. By an imperial Decree, this business is to be investigated by the Diet, as a tribunal under the Presidency of Count Sobolewski, Minister of State. The sittings began June 15.

An incident of an extraordinary nature took place a short time ago at the Carlton. The wife of a shoemaker had been for a considerable time lying ill, of a fever, but was gradually recovering. She however, suddenly relapsed, and as her husband and friends supposed, she died on the second day after her relapse, about one o'clock in the afternoon. The usual formalities of stretching and laying out were gone about; her husband procured money from his employer, and ordered mournings for the family. Next day, about twelve o'clock, as the wright was taking measure for her coffin, she gave a sneeze and otherwise made a stir with her body. On taking off the grave clothes, she looked up in a wild manner, and made a motion with her hand as if she wanted something to eat. A few cordials were administered to her. She was then put to bed, and enjoyed a good sound sleep. She has since gradually recovered, and is now considered quite out of danger.—*Glasgow Courier.*

## DOMESTIC.

[From the *Opelousas (Louisiana) Gazette.*]

A ROBBER.—A fellow named Philip Clement, was brought to this place, in irons, on Tuesday last, by six men, residents of Texas. It appears that this offender was tried here about three years since, and found guilty of Horse Stealing—for which offence, he was sentenced to the State Prison, for five years. In conveying him by water, from this parish, to New-Orleans, while on board of a boat in the bayou Courtableau, he made his escape from the Sheriff of the parish, and a number of men who were guarding him, and swam ashore; from thence, he quickly returned to this town—went immediately into the jailor's apartment—took therefrom the keys of the prison—unlocked the jail door—and set all the prisoners free. This outrageous villain has been a long time a terror to the inhabitants of the parish, by the numerous depredations he has committed, in taking off whole caravans of horses, cattle, &c.

From this parish, he crossed the Sabine, and made his way to the settlements on the river Trinity, in the province of Texas, where he commenced annoying the indolent inhabitants, by robbing them of every valuable article, on which he could lay his hands. Four of them, however, were chosen with an Indian, to hunt up his den, and capture him, if possible. After some days' excessive toil and fatigue, they discovered him at the distance of about twelve miles on this side of the Trinity, where he lay encamped, and on their approach, he sprang up suddenly, and darted from them with the dexterity of a leet, when the Indian levelled his rifle, and shot him in the arm. The party immediately took him prisoner, and had him tried by an Alcade, who sent

tenced him to be hung in ten days thereafter—his gallows and coffin were prepared, and he was taken out on the day, on which the execution was to have taken place, when a proposal was made, that, if the fellow would acknowledge who were his confederates, his life should be spared, and that he should be sent back to the place where he commenced his robbing career, (this parish). After a long interval, and by the dint of persuasion, he confessed that he formed an alliance with a set of robbers in the province, whose names are, D. Davis, Samuel McOwen, Hiram Huskins, John Cotten, and Burl Franks.—The two former persons were the most instrumental in enticing him to carry on his old trade in Texas and the latter person, Burl Franks, has been acting as an agent for a long time, in receiving stolen horses, cattle &c. from a man named Jack S. who lives on the bayou Vermillion, in this state. He, Clement, confessed of his having murdered a Spaniard, about three years since, on the Colorado, in Texas, and robbed him of all his money—this villain calls man-slaughter, because the poor Spaniard, fought manfully, and refused to be robbed, without making an effort to prevent it. He also confessed of his having robbed an American, who lived with his family on the Trinity, of every article in the house, even the baby's clothes, women's dresses, &c.

He has a wife in Texas, and has stated that he is owner of about forty horses and three negroes in that province. When he went out usually, on his robbing excursions, he disguised himself, so as to resemble an Indian, and thereby deceived a number of the inhabitants. He is slim in size—about twenty six years of age—five feet ten inches in height—and a fair complexion. On his arrival in this place, he was heavily ironed, and put into close confinement, till Thursday last, when he was conveyed from this place, by Geo. Jackson, Esq. D. Sheriff, to New Orleans, where he, Clement, has to wear out a five years' existence within the confines of the State prison. The keeper of which will do well to keep a watchful eye on the villain.

FEMALE MASONRY.—That the softer sex were designed to enchant mankind by feminine loveliness of person, to grace society by gentleness of mind, to contrast with the rougher sex, their own delicacy of spirit and divine sensibility of soul, and beautifully to discharge all the duties which humanity assigns them, we have been very willing to believe; but that they have any natural fondness for mysteries, any constitutional predilection for vague and enigmatical proceedings, or in fact, (here we must beg pardon of the dear souls,) any power to keep a secret, we have heard many doubts.

But we suppose we are at length to discredit our former opinions; and for once put our incredulity to the test; as we have just discovered upon our table little work bearing the following ominous title—"Illustrations of the first four Degrees of Female Masonry, as practised in Europe; by a Lady." The entanglements and mysticisms of our own sturdy sex so much occupy our hours that we usually have little leisure for prying into the *arcana*—the dark doings of the "angelic race"—but here is a development—a disclosure we cannot overlook. The ladies who have ever been so loud and clamorous in denouncing the male Fraternity, themselves the advocates and members of a similar Sisterhood! If they can not be safely accused of keeping a secret, they will now fairly come under the imputation of silly, artful, double-dealing; unless, by a further stretch of their ingenuity, they can show that this book is the production of some female Morgan, who has fabricated the system, and then eloped, for purposes only of filthy lucre, and a "brief immortality."

In the early part of the work we are told that "no married lady can be admitted without the consent of her husband." This we declare to be an altogether objectionable requirement; as husbands, so long as they are ignorant of the object and doings of the association, have no grounds for giving or declining their consent. The ladies should be admitted in spite of their husbands. We are further informed that "an unmarried lady cannot be initiated under 13 years of age, and must have the full consent of her parents or guardians." This is also totally wrong. Misses must have their own heads and follow their own inclinations.

But the best is yet to come. "If an unmarried lady is of age, and none can control her," she may be admitted at her own request. How large a portion of the sex compose this class we will not be so ungracious as to express our opinion; and of the occult proceedings—thigh-sign, grip, token, &c. we will not break the seal—merely in conclusion recommending every lover of "Female Masonry" to buy the book and examine it for herself.—*American Traveller.*

RESCUE NO LOSS!—The Hartford Mirror of yesterday pronounces the pitiable story of the robbery of Mr. Avery, near Stedford Springs, to be a sheer fabrication. The Editor goes on to say, that he had about \$3000 when in Hartford, but instead of surrendering it in Stedford woods, it is pretty evident, that

when he started for Vermont on Monday succeeding the robbery, he took it with him.

He never manifested any anxiety about his money after he declared himself to have been robbed, and it was with some reluctance that he consented to go with his friends in pursuit, and when he did go, it was on condition that he was to come immediately back in order to go home—and after starting for home at 11 o'clock on Monday, he rode to Pittsfield, a distance of 65 miles, before he stopped for the night. The string with which his hands were tied has been examined, and it is ascertained that he could have secured himself to the tree, and afterwards listened his hands without the least difficulty—and there is every reason to believe that the man was his own robber.—*Ib.*

[From the Albany Argus, August 25.]

THE EXECUTION OF STRANG.—The city yesterday was alive with strangers. Early in the morning and until the hour of execution, every avenue leading to the city was thronged with vehicles; the steam-boats that came up during the morning, and the ferry boats, literally swarmed; and the streets and sidewalks were so filled by the passing crowds as to render it difficult to pursue the ordinary avocations.

So great was the concourse, that it was deemed expedient to accept the voluntary offers of the military, and between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, thirteen companies, one each from Troy, Greenbush, Schenectady and Bethlehem, formed, and marched to the place of execution.

This was in the valley, at the head of Beaver-street, directly west of the Lancasterian Academy and the gaol, and perhaps a quarter a mile south-west of the capital. From this valley, which forms a narrow flat, the hills upon three sides, rise abruptly to a considerable height, forming a perfect amphitheatre. The scaffold, therefore, was overlooked, and every movement connected with it, distinctly seen by the vast multitude that occupied all parts of the sides and summits of the eminences. It is believed that at least thirty thousand persons witnessed the ceremony on this occasion; one fifth of whom were females!

The scaffold was the centre of a circle of considerable magnitude, the inner line of which was guarded all around by the military two or three deep, under the command of Capt. Osborn, who officiated as Marshal.—At about a quarter past one P. M. the prisoner, in a white over-dress, trimmed with black, accompanied by the sheriff and gaoler and other civil officers, and by the Rev. Mr. Lacey, and escorted by the Albany Republican Artillery, passed from the prison and proceeded on foot to the place of execution.

During several of the past days, Strang has appeared to be much softened, and to evince a considerable degree of penitence. He was visited and prayed with yesterday morning by the Rev. Mr. Lacey, and during the forenoon, when not interrupted, was engaged in silent but constant prayer. He experienced no particular debility; and now ascended the steps of the scaffold with firmness. Addressing the multitude, he said, in an audible voice, that he perceived a great many people present, who had come, as he supposed, to witness his execution; and he hoped that that would lead them to reflect upon the effects of sin and lust, and induce them to avoid those acts for which he was about to suffer a painful and ignominious death. He hoped that they might go away with hearts impressed with contrition as his was. Then, holding a pamphlet in his hand, he said: "This contains a full confession of the great transaction for which I am about to die, and every word that it contains, to the best of my knowledge and belief, is true; if there is a single word in it that is not true, it has been inserted by mistake and not by design." He added, that he had no more to say, and handed the pamphlet to the Rev. Mr. Lacey.

The prayers prescribed by the Episcopal church for such occasions were then read, which he appeared to join in earnestly. The sheriff then took a final leave of him, and was evidently much affected. The Rev. Mr. Lacey addressed him briefly, and also parted with him; as did also Mr. Becker, the gaoler. During the awful interval between ascending the scaffold and his death, he was composed, and not much agitated. At a quarter before two o'clock, he gave the signal, drew his cap over his face, the drop fell, and after struggling for a few minutes, the wretched man expired. He remained suspended for about half an hour; when his body was taken down and delivered to his friends for interment. In the meantime, the crowd gradually dispersed, peaceably, and as far as we have learned, without accident of any sort. The efficient precautionary measures taken by the sheriff and the civil authorities, were calculated to prevent or repress any tumult, though there was not, that we observed, the slightest tendency towards one.

Thus perished the murderer. It was the just forfeit of life for life; and so atrocious was the case, that there were few to regret his fate—none, that we know of, to deny the righteousness of

the law. Whilst we may question the utility of such spectacles, tending as they do in general, to gratify a morbid curiosity, and to excite a sympathy for the criminal rather than an abhorrence, and consequently a prevention of crime, we trust none who were the witnesses of this scene, will forget that this ignominious death was the consequence of an indulgence in vicious courses and criminal passions.

Extract of a letter to the Editors of the Boston Traveller, dated

"HALIFAX, N. S. August 17, 1827.

"Our local news is not of much importance. We have been for some time back preparing for a variety of public amusements, which are to be celebrated here this month. The Regatta takes place on the 21st, and it is thought will be a scene of much splendor. Upwards of 40 boats had entered yesterday, and nearly £200, (\$800) will be offered as prizes. The races fixed for the 30th and 31st, are also the subject of much interest. Horses are training in every part of the Province; and it is asserted that the main, and indeed the only advantageous effect which in my opinion arises from races, is already beginning to be visible in the bone and muscle of our breed.

"The crops are most prolific. The hay is safe and turns out most abundantly. Oats are ripe and are also excellent, and in fact it is stated from all quarters that no harvest like the present has been seen in this Province for many years. Flour is now selling remarkably low. Sugar was sold last week at \$5 per barrel, and as some cargoes have since arrived, there is no prospect of its rising for some time. The quantity on hand largely exceeds the domestic demand, and our merchants are now afraid to speculate by purchasing for the West Indies. The supplies to them come at so cheap a rate, through the neutral islands, that the object of the late act is defeated; and we are now learning that you will still enjoy the carrying trade of your own products, even although the colonial Trade should be permanently established on its present footing. The 4s. per barrel in the duty extended as a protection to the shipping of these provinces, will be a benefit to the former, but of little advantage to the commercial interests."

PROBABILITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—The following table of the probabilities of human life has been given by M. de la Malle.

Table of the probabilities of human life, calculated by Domitus Ulpianus, Prime Minister to Alexander Severus, and extracted from Emilius Macer:—

Age.	Probable future life.
From 10 to 20 years	30. years
20	25
25	20
30	15
35	10
40	8
45	6
50	5
55	4
60	3

M. de la Malle says this table was formed from the property tables, the registers of birth, puberty, manhood, death, age, sex, diseases, &c. which were kept by the Romans with the greatest exactness, from the time of Servius Tullius to that of Justinian. Ulpian fixes thirty years as the mean duration of human life during that period. It is extraordinary that the chances of life detailed in the above table are precisely those which the registers of mortality in the city of Florence exhibit in the present day.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The London Star mentions, that when the Kent Indians were on fire in the bay of Busby, colonel Macgregor, of the 31st Regiment, hastily wrote a memorandum of the circumstance, and threw it overboard in a well corked bottle, (previous to the fortunate rescue by the Cambria brig), addressed to his father in Scotland. The officer now belongs to the 93d regiment, stationed at Barbadoes, and, while on a visit to the sea side of that Island, in October last, the identical bottle, with the paper in it, was washed ashore there, having, in nineteen months, crossed the Atlantic in a S. W. direction.

LIBERALITY.—The directors of the Washington Insurance Company, in Providence, have voted the sum of five hundred dollars to Mr. Edmund Dobsen, mate of the brig Crawford, as a testimony of the sense they entertain of his services and suffering while on board said brig.

WINTHORP, August 30, 1827.

FIRE!—This morning between the hours of one and two, a Fulling Mill, Carding Machines, a Grist Mill, and a two story building containing from 150 to 200 bushels of grain, were entirely destroyed by fire in this village. At the cry of fire and the ringing of bells, most of the inhabitants in the village and its vicinity were immediately assembled, but too late to do any further good than to save the adjacent buildings, belonging to Capt. Samuel Clark and the sufferers by the destructive calamity. The ravages of the fire were so rapid that all exertions to check them was ineffectual, and had it not been for the dampness and stillness of the night it is probable that a considerable part of the village must have been destroyed. Much credit is due to the females who were present and assisted in checking the progress of the flames. It may be truly said of them that they exhibited on this occasion a calmness, perseverance and fortitude seldom witnessed even in the

hardier sex. The loss is estimated, to say the least, at \$4,000, of which Col. John May is the principal sufferer. The other sufferers are Isaac Moore, Jr. Esq., Mr. Seth May, and the heirs of Peter Stanley.—*Hallowell Advocate.*

FIRE!

We last week informed our readers that there had been a fire in Portland, we this week copy from the *Eastern Argus* an account of its ravages:

PORTRIDGE, Friday, Aug. 31.

On Tuesday morning last, about 1 o'clock, the citizens of this town were alarmed from their slumbers by the ringing of bells and cry of fire, and turned in the direction of Fore-St. where the flames had already progressed so far in their work of destruction, as to threaten every combustible, in the neighborhood of either Ingraham's or Long Wharf, with apparently unavoidable ruin.

When first discovered, the conflagration presented a bold and overwhelming front, which seemed to strike the rushing multitude of men, women and boys with doubt what to do and where to begin. In a few minutes, however, by the activity and discretion of the fire-works, most of the crowd was advantageously disposed of, and busily employed in rescuing whatever was within their power from devastation, & in putting an end to it. But for a while the conflict was hot and its limits doubtful. It seemed animated by a pride for mastery, rather than by a regard for property only. After something more than three hours, and principally through a skillful management of the new Hydraulic Engine, the flames were considerably subdued, and their march arrested. Eight buildings were destroyed, and one partially pulled down. They were occupied by something like thirty tenants.—Those burned were the Market House, a two story building of wood, owned by widow Hobart, the heirs of Jona. Paine, Joseph Harrod, and C. Q. Clapp. It was occupied by George Williams, barber, Daniel Winslow and

Purrington, butchers, William Purrington, grocer, and Mrs. Clements, boarding-house. Nearly all the articles belonging to these individuals were saved. Mrs. Pepper, a widow, who occupied a room below Mr. P.'s store, lost all her furniture. The only insurance effected on the building was that of \$1000 on Mr. Harrod's part of it.

The next building was of wood, three stories, on Fore-street, owned by Benja. Willis, Esq. of Boston. It was occupied by Dearborn & Purrington, grocers, whose loss is estimated to be \$1200—by Boyd & Stevens, butchers, who lost their account books, tools, &c. to the amount of \$200. In the 2d story, Peter Parsons, cordwainer, lost his *cawl*, including stock and tools, also Noble C. Murray, shipping office, lost all—value not estimated, but limited. In the 3d story, John Pettis, painter, saved nothing; his own loss \$150, and loss of paints belonging to other persons, \$100. No insurance was effected upon the building, or by any of the tenants.

Directly in the rear of the last mentioned building and adjoining, on the north side of Ingraham's wharf, were the stores occupied by William Rackless, grocer, loss \$200, no insurance—Jacob W. Bartol, grocer, stock valued at 4000 dols. all lost, 3000 dols. insured—a store not occupied; next store occupied by Gideon Foster, with stock of old iron, junk, &c. loss 500 dols., no insurance—next by—Clark, old iron, junk, and groceries, loss 400 dols., no insurance—next occupied by Thomas Forsyth, grocer, loss 900 dols., no insurance. Only a very trifling amount of property was removed from these last mentioned stores, except from the lower part of Mr. Forsyth's. Over his store, Joseph Fowler had a sail loft in which were deposited five suits of sails, including two of brigs, two of schooners, and one of a sloop, all of which were consumed, besides about 30 bolts of thin duck and other articles. Four of these stores were owned by Mr. Geo. Willis of this place, and the remaining two by B. Willis of Boston. No insurance was had upon either, Mr. Dodge's store on the same side was partially torn down and much injured, and in removing his goods he also suffered considerable loss.—Two small buildings in the rear of the market house, and upon the north side of the stores just described, were also consumed.

While the foregoing buildings were burning, the flames crossed the avenue leading to Ingraham's wharf from Fore-street, and destroyed the stores in the building at the head of the south side of the wharf and extending to the north side of Long-wharf. It was of wood, and one story on Fore-street and two on the wharf.—The proprietors were James Rackless, Seth Mason, Asa Clapp,

loss is estimated, to  
000, of which Col.  
cipal sufferer. The  
sac Moore, Jr., Esq.,  
the heirs of Peter  
Advocate.

ED!  
ed our readers that  
in Portland, we this  
Eastern Argus an ac-

vn, Friday, Aug. 31,  
ning last, about 1  
of this town were  
slumbers by the  
crys of fire, and turn-  
of Fore-St, where  
eady progressed so  
of destruction, as to  
rable, in the neglig-  
Long wharf, recently unavoidable  
discovered, the con-  
a bold and over-  
ch seemed to strike  
de of men, women  
what to do and  
In a few minutes,  
ivity and discretion  
part of the crowd was  
osed of, and busily  
whatever was  
rom devastation, &  
it. But for a while  
nd its limits doubt-  
ed by a pride for  
y a regard for pro-  
mething more than  
incipally through a  
of the new Hy-  
dunes were consid-  
their march arrest-  
were destroyed,  
ld down. They  
mething like thirty  
ere the Mar-  
building of wood,  
bart, the heirs of  
Harrod, and C. Q.  
upied by George  
aniel Winslow and  
thers, William Pur-  
and Mrs. Clements,  
early all the articles  
dividuals were sav-  
widow, who occu-  
Ir. P's store, lost all  
only insurance ef-  
that was of \$1000  
was of wood, three  
t, owned by Benja-  
It was occupied  
ed to be \$1200—by  
ers, who lost their  
&c. to the amount  
story, Peter Par-  
t his aul, including  
Noble C. Murray,  
ll—value not es-  
In the 3d story,  
aved nothing; his  
es of paints belong-  
\$100. No insur-  
on the building, or

or of the last mem-  
adjoining, on the  
am's wharf, were  
William Racklef,  
insurance—Jacob  
oc value at 4000  
ns, insured—a store  
store occupied by  
stock of old iron,  
s, no insurance—  
iron, junk, and gro-  
s, no insurance—  
omas Forsaith, geo-  
insurance. Only  
nt of property was  
the last mentioned  
the lower part of  
his store, Joseph  
t, in which were  
schooners, and one  
ch were consumed,  
of thin duck and  
of these stores  
Geo. Willis of this  
ing two by B. Wil-  
nsurance was had  
edge's store on the  
torn down and  
removing his goods  
le loss.—Two  
ear of the mark-  
the north side of the  
were also consum-

ng buildings were  
crossed the avenue  
wharf from Fore-  
the stores in the  
of the south side of  
ding to the north  
It was of wood,  
re-street and two  
proprietors were  
Mason, Asa Clapp,  
Mason had 600  
Choate 500 dols.  
stand to have been  
ng. It was occu-  
Seth Mason as a  
store, and under-  
raham's wharf, as  
ed by Edward Ma-  
ole stock of \$1200  
y insurance. A  
Mason's stock was  
upon it was 800  
butcher and real-  
partment of it on  
s were partially  
Mr. Sweetie

variety store, stock nearly all saved, no  
insurance. John F. Reeves, apothecary  
and druggist, occupied the corner store  
on Fore-street and Long-wharf, stock  
2400 dols, mostly saved, insured 1000  
dols. In the same building opening on  
Long-wharf, Quincy & foote occupied  
one room as a paint shop, and their stock  
was quite all removed without loss.  
Zebulon Babson also occupied the next  
store in the same building, as a retail  
shop, and suffered a small loss.

On Long wharf, Store No. 1, owned  
by Messrs. J. Williams and George  
Warren, and occupied by those gentle-  
men and C. B. Abbot, was pulled down  
and burnt. Their books and most of  
the property in the store were saved.  
Capt. Williams had a quantity of tobacco,  
&c. in the store which was burnt,  
loss from \$1000 to \$1200—no insurance.  
A vast amount of property was re-  
moved from the Stores on this wharf,  
in the immediate vicinity of the fire, and  
the loss very considerable.

In the cellar of the Market House,  
Messrs. Cram & Cahoon had stored a  
considerable quantity of oil and wine,  
which was entirely consumed. This  
property was consigned to them for  
sales.

The manner in which the fire originated,  
has not been ascertained. When  
first discovered it had the appearance  
of having commenced in the store occu-  
pied by Mr. J. W. Bartol, but had spread  
through the building and adjoining apart-  
ments to such an extent as rendered it  
somewhat uncertain as to the place of  
its origin.

**EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.**—On Tues-  
day evening the 28th ultimo, there was ob-  
served at this place a very luminous bow,  
extending from east to west, nearly across the  
heavens. It had not the prismatic colors; but  
lasting from 10 to past 11 o'clock—it was no  
doubt caused by the Aurora Borealis. The  
following accounts respecting it are copied  
from the New-England (Boston) Palladium:

The Editor of the Courier says "we  
first noticed it within a few minutes of  
ten o'clock.—At that time a brilliant  
stream of white light rising from the  
horizon in a westerly direction, subtended  
itself nearly to the zenith, and, in a few  
minutes, was extended quite across the  
heavens. The aurora borealis, which was unusually bright on Monday  
evening, was, from our position, hardly  
perceptible, when the phenomenon above  
described first attracted our attention,  
but as the obliquity of the arch increased,  
the aurora borealis seemed to grow more brilliant. There was not,  
however, at any moment, any apparent  
connexion between them, but a broad  
space intervened, across which no rays  
of light intermingled."

The Patriot says the phenomenon  
was first distinctly seen a short time  
before ten o'clock, when a beautiful  
scarf or belt, of considerable width, in-  
tersected the sky from northwest to  
southeast directly overhead, which in-  
creased in brightness until about 10  
minutes past ten, when it gradually be-  
came narrower and faded from the view.

[FROM THE SALEM REGISTER.]

A meteorological phenomenon, of  
very rare occurrence, was observed on  
Tuesday evening last, about 10 o'clock.  
It was a display of the Aurora Borealis  
in an unusual form. The light of the  
Aurora had been observed for several  
evenings before, as it commonly exhib-  
its itself to us in the northern quarter of  
the heavens.—Its appearance, on those  
several evenings, and also in the early  
part of Tuesday evening, was a faint  
and equally diffused light, growing  
brighter towards the horizon, and shoot-  
ing up towards the zenith its faint and  
lambent coruscations. But the sublime  
appearance on Tuesday evening was  
nothing like this. It exceeded every  
thing of the kind we had before seen,  
both for its brightness and magnificence.  
About half after nine, a faint arc of dif-  
fused light was seen to extend across  
the heavens from east to west, about 15  
degrees to the northward of the zenith.  
It was in motion towards the south, and  
as it approached the zenith, which it  
reached about 10 o'clock, it grew  
brighter and better defined. When it  
became vertical to the town, the whole  
hemisphere, from the eastern to the  
western horizon, was spanned by a zone  
of light, about five degrees in breadth,  
and well defined on each side. It seemed  
like a belt of unburnished gold, drawn  
over the heavens. It preserved its  
distinct form and brightness about  
twelve minutes, and as it moved south-  
wardly, began to fade; the light grow-  
ing paler and more diffuse, till it reached  
about 25 degrees south of the zenith,  
when it began to disappear, first in the  
east, till nothing could be seen there  
but faint coruscations. In about fifteen  
minutes the last traces of it could just  
be seen in the west, ending in the same  
manner. It gave so much light as to  
show things pretty distinctly. The sky  
was clear, and the stars were of great  
brilliance.—The wind was S. W. and  
light, but we observed a thin sand pass-  
ing under the belt of light, from the  
south-east. It was a magnificent specta-  
cle, to which the rainbow dwindles into  
insignificance.

Dr. Holtoke (aged 100) remembers  
seeing this phenomenon twice before.—  
The dates of their appearance are noted  
in his meteorological journal but  
want of time has prevented us from ob-  
taining them. He thinks it was before

the Revolution, and that the two ap-  
pearances happened within about five  
years of each other. But the Doctor,  
who was called up to look at the one on  
Tuesday evening last, says, that it far  
exceeded in brightness either of the  
other two.

[FROM THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.]

On Tuesday evening about half past  
nine o'clock, the northern section of our  
hemisphere was encircled by coruscations  
(as we suppose) from Aurora Bo-  
realis. The appearance was very sin-  
gular, surpassing any thing of the kind  
we have ever before witnessed. The  
meteor of pale red, appeared about N.  
West, and the Iris was thrown, not  
only up to the zenith, but entirely across  
the hemisphere resting about S. E.—  
The arch was bright as day, and so  
transparent, that with the naked eye, the  
heavenly bodies were discernable be-  
hind it.

The Portsmouth Advertiser mentions  
that the phenomenon was observed from  
that place and Exeter.

## THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY;  
THURSDAY, MORNING, SEPT. 6, 1827.

THOMAS CLARK, Esq., is our agent at  
Paris, to whom advertisements and Communi-  
cations may be handed for this paper, and  
they will be attended to.

S. A. B. HALE, Esq., is our Agent for  
Lorel and vicinity; he will receive and for-  
ward Subscriptions, Communications and Ad-  
vertisements for this paper.

TOWN CHIRRS in the several towns  
in this County, are requested to make a cor-  
rect list of votes given in their respective  
towns, on Monday next, and transmit the  
same, free of expense, to this office.

STATE ELECTION.—On Monday next the  
people of this State will meet in their respective  
towns and plantations, to give in their  
votes for Governor, Senators and Representa-  
tives, and in York and Somerset and Penobscot  
Congressional Districts throw their  
votes for Representatives to Congress. As it  
respects choosing a chief magistrate of this  
State, Mr. Lincoln, the present incumbent,  
will, no doubt, receive the principal part of  
the votes; but as it respects Senators in many  
Counties, there will be a great division of  
opinion—so much so, that there will probably  
be no choice: for instance, in York County,  
the two lists of candidates presented to  
the people, will no doubt, be supported by  
their respective friends, and judging from the  
aspect of the papers in that County, we  
think it altogether likely that there may ex-  
ist one or more vacancy, to be filled by the  
Legislature. The same may be said of the  
Counties of Lincoln, Penobscot, and perhaps  
Kennebec.

As to Representatives from the several dis-  
tricts, we have not the means of knowing,  
whether there will be many changes from the  
last year. In some districts there will be, owing  
to the system of classification, that is  
where two or more towns or plantations are  
classed together, and either by the law of the  
Legislature or their own agreement each town  
or plantation, furnish their Representatives  
in rotation. However, we believe that it is  
generally meant by a large majority of the electors  
in this County to elect such men to represent them, as are friendly to the National and State Governments.

A Hint.—It is stated in a New-York paper  
that a man in that State who resided in the  
country, sold a horse a short time since, and  
received his pay in "Jersey City" bills,  
which Bank, to use a fashionable expression,  
had stopped payment. The editors of the  
paper say "had he been a subscriber for a  
newspaper, he might have learnt that bills  
on Jersey city were not current." The  
man has since subscribed for paper, and paid  
in advance for it.—We were called on a few  
months since by a gentleman, who presented  
us a bank note on the Kennebec bank, suppos-  
ing it to be current, we informed him of his  
mistake, and hinted that it was possible he  
did not take a paper, he was answered that he did  
not; but says he "I will now take one," and  
ordered us to enter his name on our subscrip-  
tion book.

We have no manner of doubt but that ev-  
ery person who has a family, would find it  
to his interest, to take a newspaper, in a pec-  
uniary point of view, not to take into con-  
sideration its value in giving the ordinary  
news of the day. There are many how-  
ever, that think they cannot afford to take a  
paper; but we would venture to say to such  
that if they will but subscribe for one, and  
take it, that they would save money by doing  
it.

THE TABLES TURNED.—It is not very un-  
common that we see a notice in a newspaper  
of a man giving warning to the public, not  
to "harbor or trust" his wife, "as she has  
left his bed and board" &c. But a man ad-  
vertises his wife in a Mobile paper in the fol-  
lowing manner, which goes to show that the  
grey mare is of the two, the most spirited  
horse at least:

"WHEREAS, my lawful wife, Mary-Ann  
Ramsay, has turned me out of doors, with-  
out any just cause or provocation, I hereby for-  
bid all persons trusting her on my account,  
as I shall pay no debts of her contracting."

JOSEPH RAMSAY.

## GENERAL ELECTION.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1827.

## STATE NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HON. ENOCH LINCOLN.

Senators for York County.

NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION TICKET.

[Three to be chosen.]

HON. MARK DENNETT, of Kittery.

HON. MOSES SWEAT, of Parsonsfield.

HON. ISAAC EMERY, of Biddeford.

ANOTHER.

HON. GEORGE SCAMMON, of Saco.

DANIEL GOODNOW, Esq. of Alfred.

DR. CALEB EMERY, of Eliot.

ANOTHER.

HON. GEORGE SCAMMON, of Saco.

DR. CALEB EMERY, of Eliot.

GAMALIEL E. SMITH, Esq. Newfield.

Senators for Cumberland County.

[Three to be chosen.]

HON. ROBERT P. DUNLAP,

JOHN L. MEGUIER, Esq. &

DR. BENJAMIN H. MACE.

ANOTHER.

BENNETT PIKE, Esq.

WILLIAM SWAN, Esq.

DR. ELEAZER BURBANK.

ANOTHER.

LUTHER FITCH, Esq.

HON. ROBERT P. DUNLAP,

BENNETT PIKE, Esq.

ANOTHER.

HON. JONATHAN PAGE,

JOSIAH W. MITCHELL, Esq.

WILLIAM SWAN, Esq.

Senators for Lincoln County.

[Four to be chosen.]

EBENEZER HERRICK,

JOSIAH STEBBINS,

STEPHEN PARSONS, and

HALSEY HEALEY.

ANOTHER.

EDWIN SMITH,

JOEL MILLER,

EDWARD KAVANAGH,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON,

Senators for Oxford County.

[Two to be chosen.]

REUEL WASHBURN,

JOHN GROVER.

For County Treasurer.

HENRY RUST, Esq.

Senators for Kennebec County.

[Three to be chosen.]

HON. REUEL WILLIAMS,

JOEL WELLINGTON,

EDWARD FULLER, Esq.

ANOTHER.

NATHAN CUTTER, Esq.

HON. JOSHUA CUSHMAN.

Senator for Penobscot County.

[One to be chosen.]

SOLOMON PARSONS,

HON. DANIEL WILKINS.

Senator for Somerset.

[One to be chosen.]

HON. SAMUEL WESTON.

Representative to Congress from Somerset  
and Penobscot District.

SAMUEL BUTMAN.

Senators for Hancock & Waldo Counties.

[Two to be chosen.]

HENRY HAZELTINE,

JOSEPH SHAW,

## Poetry.

SELECTED.

THERE IS A WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.  
There is a world we have not seen,  
That time shall never dare destroy,  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear has caught its sound of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far  
Than sages tell, or poets sing,  
Brighter than summer's beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world, and O, how blest,  
Fairer than prophets ever told,  
And never did an angel guest,  
One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose,  
And there, to dim the radiant scene,  
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer's gale,  
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers,  
It never needs the moon-beam pale,  
For there are known no evening hours.

No; for this world is ever bright  
With a pure radiance all its own,  
The streams of "uncreated light,"  
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

There forms, that mortals may not see,  
Too glorious for the eye to trace,  
And clad in peerless majesty,  
Move with utterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye  
May seek to view the fair above,  
Or find it in the curtained sky,—  
It is the dwelling place of Gon.

JESUS TEACHING THE GOSPEL.  
How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round :

And joy and reverence fill'd the place !  
From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his follower's way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

" Come wanderer, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"  
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !

Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

The following lines addressed to Lady Byron, are considered by Sir Walter Scott, as the finest production of Byron:

There is a mystic thread of life,  
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,  
That destiny's relentless knife  
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes  
Have often gazed with fond delight;  
By day that form their joy supplies,  
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire  
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;  
I would not hear a seraph choir,  
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell  
Affection's tale upon the cheek;  
But pallid, at one fond farewell,  
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip, which mine hath pressed,  
And none hath ever pressed before.—  
It vowed to make me sweetly bless'd,  
And mine—mine only press'd it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—  
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head ;  
A mouth, which smiles on me alone,  
And eye, whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill  
In unison so closely sweet !  
That pulse to pulse, responsive still !  
That both must heave—cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow  
In gentle streams so calmly run,  
That when they part—they part—ah no !  
They cannot part—these souls are one.

[FROM THE DELAWARE GAZETTE.]  
THE DYING INDIAN.

The moon had m'd in heaven's hall,  
The sun had sunk to sleep,  
When round the chieftain many a tall  
Brave Indian stood to weep :  
His red eyes roll'd in pangs of death,  
The last of all his race ;  
His gory bosom gasp'd for breath,  
His life-blood flow'd fast.

Didst thou not see that sun, he cried,  
Sink in the western wave ?  
So shall I sink he said, and eight'd,  
Sink to the gloomy grave !  
And like you moon that rolls in heaven,  
My soul on high shall blaze—  
Shall walk in clouds by whirrings driven,  
With chiefs of other days.

Warrior ! I die, but death to me  
Is but a shadowy name ;  
It is in glorious victory ;  
I die the chief of fame ;  
Lay me with all the mighty dead,  
The chief of other years,

Raise, raise the war-song round my bed,  
But shed for me no tears.

Warriors, behold you dark moon sink  
In ocean's stormy flood ;  
So my dark moon o'er ruin's brink,  
Shall soon go down in blood,  
I read my doom in yonder skies,  
In yonder setting star,

But still my deeds in glory rise,  
They gift Fame's golden car.

Raise, raise the song, O bards, and sing  
The deeds of my renown ;  
O you green boughs, mid flowers of spring,  
There lay my body down.

He ceas'd—one gush of gurgling gore  
From his gash'd breast appear'd,

They laid him by the sounding shore,  
With chiefs of other years.

MILFORD BARD.

MEMORY.  
O Memory ! Thou lingering murmur,  
Within joy's broken shell !  
Why have I not, in losing all I loved,  
Dost thee as well ?

MARRIAGE VOW.  
A woman's vow is far too long  
Upon a marriage day ;  
For surely when a woman loves,  
She'll " honor and obey."

## VARIETY.

[FROM THE NEW-YORK TIMES.]

### MAJOR ANDRE.

Mr. Editor.—If I mistake not, your paper some time since contained an account of the capture of Major Andre; as given by Col. Van Wart to Mr. Browere, under the impression that David Williams was deceased. I now place at your disposal an account as given by David Williams, the other survivor, who, to use his own words, has been "killed three times," from which, if you think it advisable, you can publish some extracts, or the whole, as you think proper.

It was not procured for publication,

sir, yet as the generous veteran has

given his consent, I can hardly refrain

from offering it for insertion in your

paper.

Yours respectfully,

Jan. 31st, 1827.

(Copy.)

\*\*\* \* \* \* \* As to the narrative

you request, I cannot materially add to

the one already given by my comrade

and cousin, Col. Van Wart. I can tell

it a little more fully; and as you ex-

press a wish to know it, I will give it

minutely. The following is a correct

account.

" The transactions are as fresh in my recollection at this day, as they were the hour that unfortunate and elegant man was upon the scaffold, to render up his life as an expiation to the injured laws of our injured country. It is a great error, which I find most people have adopted, that Paulding, Van Wart and myself were of the regular army—such is not the fact. We were neither of us entered soldiers, but had at all times volunteered, and at different times were engaged in skirmishes—pitched battles were not much in fashion at that day—and our glorious commander understood and valued too much the interest of his country to risk his small army against the united forces of British and tories. Thus at all times from the year '75 to the year '80, we were a kind of standing corps of volunteers. When an alarm was given, we went. At the time referred to by Col. Van Wart, we were "out of business," and having heard that tories, refugees, &c. frequently passed to the enemy with cattle, we left our homes of our own accord, which was twenty miles from Tarrytown, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, with our guns, seven of us in company, to wit: John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, John Yerks, William Williams, William Paulding, (brother to John) James Romer, and myself. And let it be expressly understood that this expedition was of our own planning, and that we were at that time under the command of no person whatever. We travelled together as far as John Anderson's fifteen miles from where we started, at which place we arrived at about nine or ten o'clock in the evening; that night we slept in his hay barrack. In the morning we left our lodgings and proceeded towards Tarrytown. At Davis' Hill, Paulding, Van Wart and myself agreed to go near Tarrytown, and lie in wait, while the other four staid at Arnold's—the was az poligist az a basket of chips—the was torkin Pollytiks und drinkin kol tales—that had a darn snarl on likkers, un evra wua mite drink jist az mutch az he kaud guzle, awl fre gratis—bym by the sat down un axt me iph i koud pla, i told um ide ruther pla tu work enny da—i sposd tha was goin tu pla Blind hol or sunthin—but first i neu in kum a nieger, with a pak on kairds—thinks i, ile be darn'd iph ile be stump by enny bodd, so i told um sed pla forepens happyn lew, un thre tricks take hol—the awl stard like stuck piggys, this ed the gesd i did, no what god Sosity waz—i told um i gesd i nu where abouts Boston la az wel az tha did—the sed that good Society always brag'd, un axt me iph i kaud bragg, i told um i hadn't much tu bragg on—the most i kaud bragg about was nokin donn fore darn big neegers all won lik Bobalishun day on the Kollik, kaize tha run agin me—that made um awl laff as iph hevven un sixth waz kummink together—the sed i must bragg munny, un i told um iph thots what the wanted. I gesd i kaud bragg ov hevng az menny rale Kimikles az enny on um, then won ov um giv me the kairds un sed i mous deal, un put down mi anty on the table—ses i what the divyle du yew wont on my anty—i hev'n got oney won on that my anty nobby Mahew, un i'll be dard iph yew git her klear done hear frum Varmount kaize Dekon Bigelow has kinder married her, un he won't let nobody poke fun at his fokes—that sed i didn't understand there lyng, that twas awl about plaighen, so i put down my Kimikles jist az tha told me, un won um sed i le go 50; tother sed i le go that and kum bak—thinks i, ile go, but ile be hang'd yew katch me bak agin—ses he, she out, i've got too Bragers—other sed he'd too Anises, and won lookt plagy sharp at me, un ses i've tu bulits—now thinks i, he's going to shute me, un get away my Kimikles—but i spunkt up tu um, un told im i had az menny hulk shot az he'd got bulits, un a plagy long gun—bym by the man i kum with sat rite behind me; ses he Joe, by the lord Harry, yube nik'l the hol hoodie ov um, yuve got a royal pare of Kings, un that takes awl the munoy then i maid, un pony up,

us—he did—we took him across the road towards Davis' Hill; we had gone something like 10 rods, when we asked him where he got those papers; he said he got them at "Lise's bridge, of a man." We asked him who the man was? He said he did not know. He then made us offers; he told us if we would let him go, he would give us 10,000 guineas, his horse, watch, saddle and bridle. Our answer is known. He then told us he would give us 10,000 guineas, and as many dry goods as we would name, and to make it sure, we might deposit him as a hostage in any place we pleased, until the goods and gold were delivered to us. Col. Van Wart mentions that he discovered drops of sweat on his face—that he said he said he wished we had killed him, &c. &c. I do not recollect any thing of the kind, and as I was so intent upon all his movements, I think I should have heard it.

While he rode, I led his horse, and I recollect well that the coolness and unconcernedness of his manner frequently made doubts arise in my mind. He at all times conducted himself as a gentleman and an officer. We then conducted him to the camp commanded by Col. Jameson—he called his name John Anderson—we supposed it was. He then addressed a letter to Gen. Washington, in which he declared his name and rank—it was John Andre; of the rank of major, acting adjutant general to the British army. The fate of the poor fellow is well known—I saw him executed.

I have frequently heard it said he was agitated, &c. it is not correct, at least as far as could be seen.—He met his death like a man, and died like a soldier the death of a dog. You are at liberty to publish this, or do any thing else with it you please. If there are any other facts in which I was concerned generally, or any thing more particularly relating to the melancholy fate of poor Andre, I am willing and ready at any time to attend to it, and will promptly answer any communication.

—

[FROM THE NEW-YORK ENQUIRER.]

### JOE STRICKLAND.

in other bals had Orgust 10, 1000, 800 un 27.

Deer un Dataful Uncle Ben.

i was goin to rite tu yew when Square

petybone went bkt, but ide jist bin

vin a kind ov a skrake, un i ha'dnt skase-

ly got over it when hev went awaigh—

so nou ile tel yew sumthin about it—

thare a darn passel ov fokes here in

yawk that kawl themselves good Sosity—

sum ov um ar az ritch az mud, un

sem ov ony jist make bleive i ges ; but

tha arawl darn big buggs, arr putt

much awl hum-buggs, un the wont speek

tu kommon fokes; some ov um ware

big wiskors and yallor spekketicks, un

komb thare hare up on ther heds, so's

tu look big—un tha tork about Jinrul

Jaksun and Qwinzy Addums, jist az iph

tha warnt noboddy—that won't let no

boddy kum tu ther klub ony jist them

thats got munny, un won ov um that

new that Arnold had stuf me pretty

darn Phull of Kimikles, axt me tu go

un meat with um—se i kinder put on

my roste meets un went with him—he

told um that i yus Mr. Joe Strickland

frum Varmount, un had got darn rich at

Ardools—the was az poligist az a basket

of chips—the was torkin Pollytiks und

drinkin kol tales—that had a darn snarl

on likkers, un evra wua mite drink jist

az mutch az he kaud guzle, awl fre gratis

—bym by the sat down un axt me iph i

koud pla, i told um ide ruther pla tu

work enny da—i sposd tha was goin tu

pla Blind hol or sunthin—but first i neu

in kum a nieger, with a pak on kairds—

thinks i, ile be darn'd iph ile be stump

by enny bodd, so i told um sed pla

forepens happyn lew, un thre tricks

take hol—the awl stard like stuck piggys,

this ed the gesd i did, no what god

Sosity waz—i told um i gesd i nu

where abouts Boston la az wel az tha

did—the sed that good Society always

brag'd, un axt me iph i kaud bragg, i

told um i hadn't much tu bragg on—the

most i kaud bragg about was nokin

donn fore darn big neegers all won lik

Bobalishun day on the Kollik, kaize tha

run agin me—that made um awl laff as

iph hevven un sixth waz kummink together

—the sed i must bragg munny, un i told